

# All this night bright angels sing

W. Austin

Sir Arthur Sullivan  
(1842-1900)

*Moderato*

*mf* 1. All this night bright an-gels sing, Ne-ver was such ca-rol-ling; Hark! a voice which  
2. Wake, O earth, wake ev-ery-thing, Wake and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy for

*cresc.* loud-ly cries, "Mor-tals, mor-tals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad-ness Turns your sad-ness;  
all this night, Heav'n and ev-ery twink-ling hght, *p* All a-maz-ing, Still stand gaz-ing;

*cresc.* From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night, though day\_\_\_ be done." *p*  
An-gels, Powers, and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun\_\_\_ to see! 3. Hail! O Sun, O  
day\_\_\_ be  
Sun\_\_\_ to

*mf* 20 bless-ed Light, Sent in-to this world by night; Let Thy rays and heav'n-ly pow'rs Shine in these dark  
*mf* *dim.*

*cresc.* 25 *ff* *rall.* 30 *pp* souls of ours. For, most du-ly, Thou art tru-ly *f* God and man, we do con-fess; Hail, O Sun of Right-eous-ness!